

**BALDWIN**



# DENNIS the MENACE

APPROVED  
BY THE  
COMICS  
CODE  
AUTHORITY

No. 40

10c



# the Cookie Jar

INSIDE STORIES OF DENNIS THE MENACE

## THE TELEVISION WILSONS!



### CHUCKLES FROM THE TV STUDIO

Jay North, as Dennis, was supposed to nibble an ice cream cone during one scene. The prop man handed him one that looked like the real thing. Jay took a bite of it and yelled: "Hey! It's cotton!" It was a dummy cone, made to resist the hot lights of the studio.

One day Jay showed up for work with a hair-curler on the back of his head. "It's a cowlick-maker," he explained, "to make a cowlick like Dennis has in his cartoons!"

In another scene, Jay had to break Mr. Wilson's watch. The scene had to be rehearsed and then filmed about a dozen times, until Jay finally said: "Boy! I never thought I'd get tired of breaking a watch, but I sure am!"



### VETERAN ACTORS PLAY DENNIS' NEIGHBORS

Sylvia Field and Joseph Kearns, who play Mr. and Mrs. Wilson in the "Dennis The Menace" television series, have been actors most of their lives.

Miss Field obtained her first part in a Broadway play at the age of seventeen; and Mr. Kearns was a child actor in vaudeville.

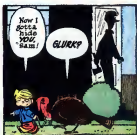
Miss Field has appeared in more than 100 stage plays, and in several movies and TV plays. She is married to the well-known actor, Ernest Truex, and they have appeared together in several TV shows.

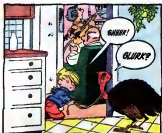
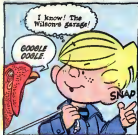
Mr. Kearns, after acting on the stage, got into radio and then television. He has worked with Bob Hope, Jack Benny, and Burns and Allen. His hobby is playing his Wurlitzer pipe organ.

**WATCH DENNIS  
SUNDAY NIGHTS ON YOUR  
CBS TELEVISION STATION**

**MORE "COOKIE JAR" NEWS  
ON INSIDE BACK COVER →**

# FUSS N' FEATHERS



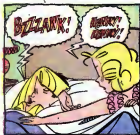




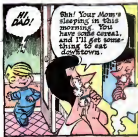




# Peace and QUIET!



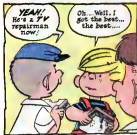


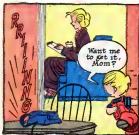


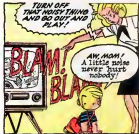
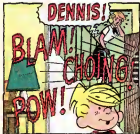












# THE TOY AND THE TREATY

**"PUT DOWN that toy, Philip! Get to your work!"**

Philip Grooman looked up from the little ship he was rigging. "But it's not just a toy, Father — it's a model of the Mayflower, the ship that brought us here!"

His father leaned on his axe, shivering in the icy New England wind of that December over 300 years ago. He was weak with hunger, and racked with the sickness that had laid half the Pilgrims low, but his eyes were sharp and stern.

"We came here to build a new life of freedom, and that means work!" he said severely. "Put your foolish notions of adventure out of your head, and chop wood!"

Reluctantly, Philip laid down his ship model and began chopping firewood. He knew that it was a serious business, attempting to found a new colony in the dead of winter in the New World. But to him it was still an adventure. He had thrilled at the long, rough voyage across the Atlantic, and looked forward to seeing the Indians in this new land.

Previous expeditions had brought some Indians to England, and he had listened excitedly to stories of their life in the forest, their cunning in the hunt, their ability to live off the land. He had thought that the Pilgrims, too, might live by hunting in the great forest. Instead, they were building a small town, just as they would have back in England, planning to plant crops in the Spring. But Spring was a long way off.

The few soldiers under Captain Miles Standish who had tried to hunt had gone crashing through the brush with their heavy muskets, scaring the game away, instead of silently stalking the animals as Philip had heard the Indians did.

He looked up at the sound of excited voices. Coming down the snowy street was Captain Standish at the head of his army — an army of only six men! — returning from the forest. As they came up, Philip asked excitedly:

"Did you see any Indians, Captain? Did you make peace with them?"

"We saw Indians," the stocky soldier said curtly. "Hundreds of them. But they fled before us. They are so afraid of us as we are of them."

"But they could show us how to hunt for food!" Philip said eagerly.

"Or they could hunt us!" Captain Standish said grimly. "Stand aside — I must report to Governor Carver."

The next day was the Sabbath, when no unnecessary work was done. Philip and his father, with his mother sick at home, attended services in the rude shack they called their church. Each week fewer and fewer Pilgrims attended, and those were thinner and weaker each time. Philip wished again that some way could be found to reach the Indians, make peace, and get their help.

After church, he slipped away with his ship to a swiftly-running creek he knew would not be frozen over. The little vessel bobbed bravely in the waves; and as he ran along the bank following its voyage, Philip imagined himself leading expeditions to all parts of this new land of theirs. Finally, he rescued it from a waterfall and set down with his back against a tree.

Suddenly, an arm whipped around his throat and he was clamped helplessly against the tree!

Philip struggled, then froze in surprise as a voice behind him said: "Please! I am friend!" The grip relaxed, and Philip turned to see a small figure dressed in furs come around the tree, a boy his own age, with white teeth grinning in a copper-colored face — an Indian!

"You — you speak English!" Philip said in surprise. Then he remembered. "Some of your people must have been to England!"

"That is right," the Indian lad nodded. "They tell me stories of your villages of many thousands, your big teepees, with windows of the-ice-that-never-melts. I like





to see some day! My name Sinako — what your name?"

"Philip." Then he had an idea. "Listen, did you really mean you're a friend? How do your people feel about us?"

"We want to be friends," Sinako said seriously. "But we afraid of your soldiers with fire sticks that kill. Most of our braves are sick this bad winter, cannot fight."

"Why, our people are afraid of yours!" Philip said excitedly. "We're sick, too, and hungry. If only there was some way we could all get together, we could help each other!"

Sinako shrugged. "Our chiefs have no word of friendship from you — no sign."

Philip thought desperately, then his eyes fell on his little ship model. He picked it up and put it into Sinako's hands. The Indian boy's eyes widened.

"Just like great canoe with white winged! This is a sign! I show to my father, Samoset, and maybe . . ."

Excitedly, the boy from across the ocean and the native of this land made their plans.

Day after day, Philip worked at his usual chore of chopping wood, but always his eyes were on the narrow road leading in from the woods. He knew it would take time for the Indians to make up their minds, but as the weeks went by, he began to wonder. At last, a month later, he saw it — a tall, dignified figure in furs, striding into the village, carrying something.

In a moment, there was a babble of frightened voices, and Captain Standish came running up to this visitor, his musket ready. Philip ran up too.

"I am Samoset of the Wampanoag," the Indian said. "I bring gift of peace for Governor Carver!" And he held up a huge bird, bigger than any Philip had ever seen in England. He knew it must be a native American turkey.

Captain Standish stared. "A gift? Of peace? But we thought . . ." Then he frowned. "How did you know the name of our Governor?"

"You show me to Governor," Sinako's father said calmly. "We talk." And the crowd followed Samoset and Captain Standish to the Governor's cabin.

Philip's father, his work forgotten, joined him in the crowd. "That big bird!" he marveled. "A few of them would feed the whole colony, if only the Indians would show us how to hunt them!"

Philip grinned. "I have a feeling they will, Father!"

Soon the cabin door opened, and Governor Carver came out with his arm over Samoset's shoulder. "The Pilgrims and the Wampanoag are friends!" he announced. "Our friend, Samoset, will bring the great chief, Massasoit, to make a treaty with us!"



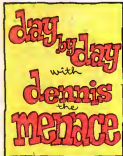
And a ragged chorus of cheers went up from the staid colonists as the Indian strode back into the forest.

Later, that treaty was signed, the first treaty ever signed in New England. It was to last unbroken for 50 years, years in which the new settlers worked and lived in peace with the American natives.

But while it was being signed, few noticed two boys playing nearby, an Indian and a Pilgrim boy. Nor did they notice what they were playing with — a little model of the Mayflower, a toy that had led to a treaty!

THE END

monday



thursday



friday



tuesday



wednesday



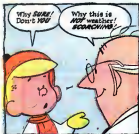
saturday



sunday



# A GRAMPA STORY



EVERY BREATH FROZE INTO  
A LUMP OF ICE!



IT WAS SO FAR BELOW ZERO, WE HAD  
TO USE A THERMOMETER 8 FEET LONG!



AND SNOW! ONE FELLOW FORGOT HIS  
SNOWSHOES AND FELL RIGHT THROUGH IT...



...AND IT TOOK A ROPE 100 FEET LONG  
TO GET HIM OUT!



The icicles grew so fast, we had  
to keep chopping them all day to  
keep them from lifting the roof off!



Even the flames that went up the chimney froze as soon as they hit the air!



And all the Eskimos we took with us started fighting!

Why, Grampa?



Because they couldn't rub noses to show they *LIKED* each other! They'd *FREEZE* together!

GOSH!



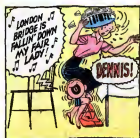
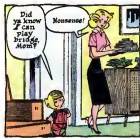
And all the penguins had to put on extra coats...

WHY?





# THE BRIDGE WHIZ











# THE SNACK-SNEAKER



**STUDENT ANSWERS TO THE QUIZ OF APRIL 11, 1955** are available in this issue of *SMITHSONIAN*. Read each quiz and compare your answers with the correct answers. For information on the availability of this quiz see the section entitled "Answers" in this issue.

1. The names and addresses of the students who answered correctly are listed in this section. The names of the students who answered incorrectly are listed in this section.
2. The names of the students who answered correctly are listed in this section.
3. The names of the students who answered incorrectly are listed in this section.
4. The names of the students who answered correctly are listed in this section.
5. The names of the students who answered incorrectly are listed in this section.

Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D.C.

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# DIG THAT DENNIS!



**BEAT THOSE  
SKINS, MAN!**



**HEAR THAT  
SLUSH PUMP!**



**SLAP THAT  
DOGHOUSE!**



**DIG THAT  
HORN!**









LICORICE  
STICK

WOOD  
PILE

SKINS

SCUSH  
PUMP

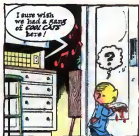
DOSHOUSE

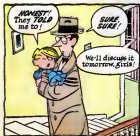
SQUEEZE  
BOX

Dig this scoop,  
snoop... you see, a  
clarinet is long and  
black, so we call it  
a *LICORICE STICK*,  
and ...









# the Cookie Jar

INSIDE STORIES OF DENNIS THE MENACE

## DENNIS 'JOINS' AIR FORCE!

'SAFETY EXPERT' FOR 68th. BOMB WING



Dennis has 'joined' the 68th. Bomb Wing, Chennault Air Force Base, Lake Charles, Louisiana. His special assignment is to help the Wing keep the safety record it has maintained for over four years.

The 68th Bomb Wing is part of the Strategic Air Command, flying the B-52's, which are our main deterrent to surprise attack.

The idea of having Dennis work for the Wing came from the Commanding Officer, Col. Frank F. Bender, and the wing's flying safety officer, Maj. Thomas A. France.

In a letter to Hank Ketchum, creator of the cartoon, Col. Bender explained the safety record of the Wing, and his desire to maintain it. The problem was that very often, pilots and navigators had experiences with their planes that they were reluctant to mention because of possible embarrassment.

Col. Bender thought that suggestions boxes featuring Dennis would help. The result is the drawing on this page, which is reproduced in color on receptacles throughout the Wing. Crew members are encouraged to drop in their suggestions and experiences, unsigned.

The idea is working so well that other Wings may do the same, and Dennis may go Air-Force-Wide.

Col. Bender wrote to Mr. Ketchum: "I would like to express my most sincere appreciation to you for your help and authorization to include Dennis as a member of this Wing."

# Dennis THE MENACE

"FISH & STORY"

